

THE Random Jottings of Donald Jay from Nelson in Pendle

Ghostly Angel Pig seen in Newchurch in Pendle over old slaughter house

In the quiet village of Newchurch in Pendle, nestled amidst the rolling hills of Lancashire, an old slaughterhouse stood as a sombre relic of the past. Its weathered timbers groaned under the weight of years, bearing witness to countless lives claimed within its walls. The villagers spoke of whispered echoes that lingered, and shadows that danced in the moonlight.

One misty October evening, as the sun dipped below the horizon, casting long, eerie shadows across the cobbled streets, young Emily, an inquisitive soul with a penchant for the paranormal, set out to unravel the mysteries that clung to the old slaughterhouse. Armed with a flash light and a heart full of courage, she ventured into the heart of the village.

As she approached the decrepit building, a sudden chill settled around her, and the air grew heavy with an unexplainable presence. With each step, the ancient floorboards creaked in protest, but Emily pressed on, her curiosity overcoming any trepidation.

Inside, the air hung still and cold, carrying with it a scent of damp earth and aged wood.

Cobwebs clung to the rafters like ghostly tapestries, swaying gently in a phantom breeze.

Emily's flash light pierced the darkness, illuminating forgotten corners and discarded remnants of a time long past.

Suddenly, a soft, mournful wail echoed through the chamber, sending shivers down Emily's spine. She froze, her breath hanging in the frigid air. A pale, ethereal light flickered in the corner of her eye, drawing her gaze towards a figure that materialized before her.

It was a pig, its form translucent and glowing, with a gentle, almost serene expression. It gazed at Emily with eyes that seemed to hold ancient wisdom, and yet, an innocence that tugged at her heart.

"You're no ordinary pig, are you?" Emily whispered, her voice trembling.

The apparition let out a soft, melancholic oink, its tail swishing like a phantom's brushstroke.

As if guided by an unseen force, Emily reached out a trembling hand, her fingers passing through the pig's ghostly form. She could feel a strange warmth, a comforting presence that seemed to pulse within her.

With each passing moment, the pig's form seemed to solidify, as if it were trying to bridge the gap between worlds. It gazed at Emily with an imploring look, as if seeking solace for a long-held sorrow.

Tears welled in Emily's eyes as she understood that this spectral pig was bound to the slaughterhouse, forever tethered to a tragic past. It was a guardian spirit, watching over the place where its earthly journey had met its untimely end.

Determined to offer solace, Emily returned to the village the next day, armed with sage, incense, and a heart full of compassion. She performed a heartfelt ritual, a tribute to the lost souls that had once walked the grounds. As the incense smoke curled and danced, a sense of peace settled over the old slaughterhouse.

From that day forward, the villagers spoke of a newfound tranquillity that graced the vicinity. The spectral pig, now dubbed "Angel" by the locals, was seen less frequently, its presence no longer tethered by sorrow.

Emily's encounter with the ghostly angel pig became legend in Newchurch in Pendle, a tale of compassion and the transcendence of earthly bounds. And though the old slaughterhouse bore witness to its grim history, it also became a symbol of redemption, thanks to a courageous soul who dared to bridge the gap between worlds.

By Donald Jay